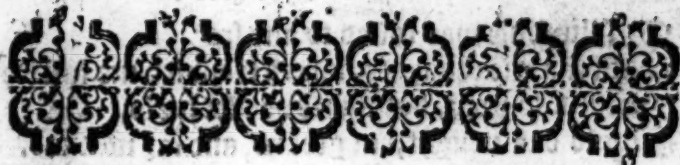


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A GODLY DREAME.



Vpon a day, as I did mourne fall sore,
For sundry things wherewith my soule
was grieved,
My griefe increased, and greiue more
and more:
I comfort fled, & could not be relieved;
With heavinesse my heart was so mischeiued:
I loath'd my life, I could not eate nor drinke:
I might not speake, nor looke to none that liued,
But must alone, and diuers things did thinke.

This wretched world did so molest my minde,
I thought vpon this false and vpon age:
And how our heartes were so to vice inclinde,
That hathan seemde most fearfullie to rage,
Nothing on earth my sorrow could asswage:
I felt my sinne most wronglie to increase,
I grieved the Spirit, that want to be my pledge,
My soule was plung'd into most deepe distresse.

All merrinesse did aggravate my paine,
And earthly ioyes did still increase my looe:
In companie I could no wise remaine,
But fled resort, and so alone did goe.

A GODLY DREAME.

My fillie soule was tossed to and fro
With sundrie thoughts, which troubled me full sore:
I preas'd to pray, but sighes our set me so,
I could doe nought, but groane, and say no more.

The trickling teares abundantlie ran downe:
Mine heart was eas'd when I had mourn'd my fill.
Then I beganne my Lamentation,
And said, O Lord, how long is it thy will,
That thy poore Sainctes shall be afflicted still?
Alas! How long shall subtile Sathan rage?
Make haste, O Lord, thy promise to fulfill:
Make hast to ende our painfull Pilgrimage.

Thy fillie Sainctes are tossed to and fro:
Awake, O Lord, why sleepest thou so long?
We haue no strength against our cruell fo,
In sighes and sobbes now changed is our song.
The World preuailes, our enemies are strong.
The Wicked rage, but we are poore and weake.
O! shewe thy selfe, with speed reuenge our wrong.
Make short these daies, euen for thy Chosens sake.

Lord Iesus come and saue thine owne Elect,
For Sathan seekes our simple soules to slay.
The wicked World doth stronglie vs infect:
Most monstrous sinnes increase doe day by day.
Our loues growes cold, our zeale is worne away:
Our faith is faile, and wee are like to fall.
The Lyon roares, to catch vs as a prey:
Make hast, O Lord, before we perish all.

Ther

A GODLY DREAME.

These are the daies, which thou so long foretold,
Should come befoze this wretched world should end
Now Vice aboundes, and Charitie growes cold:
And enen thine owne most stronglie do offend:
The Deuill p:euailes, his forces he doth bend,
If it could be, to wrack thy Childzen deare:
But we are thine, therefore some succour send:
Receiue our soules, we wearie wandring here.

What can we do: we clogged are with sinne,
In filthie vice our senselesse soules are drowned.
Though we resolute, we neuer can beginne,
To amend our liues, but sinne doth still abound.
When wilt thou come? when shal thy trumpet sound?
When shall we see that great and glorious Day?
O saue vs, Lord, out of that pit profound,
And reane vs from that loathsome lump of clay.

Thou knowst our harts, thou seest our whole desire,
Our secret thoughtes they are not hid from thee.
Though we offend, thou knowst we strangely tire.
To beare this weight, our spirit would faine be free.
Alas, O Lord, what pleasure can it be,
To liue in sinne: that soze doth presse vs downe.
Oh! giue vs winges, that we aloft may flie,
And end the fight, that we may weare the crowne.

Before the Lord when I had thus complainde,
My minde grew calme, mine heart was then at rest:
Though I was faint, from sode yet I retrainde,
And went to Bede, because I thought it best.

With

A GODLY DREAME.

With heauinesse my spirit was sore opprest.
I fell on sleepe: And so againe me thought,
I made my moane: and so my griefe increast:
And from the Lord with teares I succour sought.

Lord Iesus, come, saide I, and ende our griefe,
My spirit is vext, the captiue would be free.
All vice aboundes, now send vs some reliefe.
I loath to liue, I wish dissolu'd to bee.
My spirit doeth long, and thirsteth after thee.
As thirstie ground requires a showre of raine,
Mine heart is drie: as fruitlesse barren tree
I feele my selfe: How can I here remaine?

With sighes and sobbes as I did so lament,
Into my dreame I thoght there did appeare,
A sight most swete, which did mee well content,
An Angel bright, with visage shining cleare,
With louing lookes, and with a smiling cheare:
He asked me, Why art thou thus so sad?
Why groan'st thou so: what dost thou mourning here,
With carefull cries, in this thy bairfull bed?

I heare thy sighes, I see thy trickling teares,
Thou seem'st to be in some perplexitie:
What mean thy moanes: what is y^e thing thou fears?
Whom would thou haue, in what place would y^e be?
Faint not so fast in thine aduersitie,
Dourne not so sore, thy mourning may not mend:
Lift vp thine heart, declare thy griefe to me,
Perchance thy paine brings pleasure in the end.

A GODLY DREAM.

I sigh'd againe, and said, Alas, for hy,
 My griefe is great, I can it not declare:
 Into this earth I wander to and fro.
 A Pilgrime poore, consum'd with sighing sore.
 My sinnes, alas, increase doe more and more.
 I loath my life, I wearie wandring here,
 I long for Heauen, mine Heritage is there.
 I long to liue with my Redeemer deare.

Is this the cause? said he: rise vp anon,
 And follow me, and I shall be thy guide:
 And from thy sighes leane off, thine heauie moane:
 Refraine from teares, and cast thy care aside:
 Trust in my strength, and in my word confide,
 And thou shalt haue thine heauie heartes desire:
 Rise vp with speede, I may not long abide,
 Great diligence this matter doeth require.

My soule resol'd to heare his word so strait,
 I looked vp, and saw his face most fayre:
 His countenance reui'd my heauie spirit,
 Incontinent I cast aside my care:
 With humble heart I prayd him to declare
 What was his name: He answered me againe,
 I am thy God, for whome thou say'st to sore,
 I now am come, thy teares are not in vaine.

I am the Way, I am the Truth, and Life,
 I am the Spouse, that brings the Rose of grace:
 I am thy Lord, that some would end the strife,
 I am thy Loue, whome thou wouldst faine embrace,

A GODLY DREAME.

I am thy ioye, I am thy rest and peace,
Rise vp anone, and follow after mee,
I shall thee lead into thy dwelling place,
The Land of rest, thou long'st so sore to see.

With ioyfull heart I thanked him againe,
Ready am I, said I, and well content,
To follow thee; for heere I lye in paine.
A wretch unworth, my daies are vaine-ly spent:
Not one is full, but all are fiercelie bent,
To runne to vice: I haue no force to stand,
My sinnes increase, which makes mee sore lament:
Make hast, O Lord, I long to see that Land.

Thine haste is great, he answered me againe:
Thou thinkest thee there, thou art transported so.
That pleasant place must purchast be with paine,
The way is strait, and thou hast farre to go.
Art thou content to wander to and fro?
Through great Defects, through water, & through fire,
Through thorns and briers, and many dangers more?
What sayest thou now? Thy feeble flesh will tire.

Alas, said I, although my flesh be weake,
My spirit is strong, and willing so to trie.
Deaue me not, but for thy mercies sake
Performe thy word, or els so dole I die.
I feare no paine, since I should walke with thee:
The way is long, yet bring me through at last.
Thou answerst well, I am content, said hee,
To be thy guide, but see thou gripe me fast.

Then

A GODLY DREAM.

When vp I rose, and made no more delay,
My feeble armes about his neck I cast:
He went before, and still did guide the way,
Though I was weake, my spirit did follow fast,
Through mosse & mire, thzogh ditches deep we past,
Through pricking thozns, thzogh water & thzogh fire,
Thzogh dreadfull denues, he made mine hart agast:
He bare me vp, when I began to fere.

Sometime we clamb on craigie mountaines hie,
And sometime slaide on vglie bzayes of sande:
They were so stay, that wonder was to see.
But when I fearde, he held me by the hand,
Through thicke & thin, through sea, & eke thzogh land:
Through great Desartes we wandzed on our way.
When I was weake, and had no strength to stand,
Yet with a looke he did refresh me ay.

Through waters great we were compeld to wade,
Which were so deepe, that I was like to drowne:
Sometime I sanke; but yet my gracious guide
Did draw me vp halfe dead, and in a swoone.
In Woods most wilde, and farre from anie Towne,
We thrust through, the Bizrs together stack:
I was so weake, their strength did beat me downe,
That I was forc'd for feare to flee aback.

Courage, said he, thou art mid-way and more;
Thou mayst not fere, nor turne aback againe.
Hold fast thy gripe, on me cast all thy care:
Assay thy strength, thou shalt not fight in vaine.

I told

A GODLY DREAME.

I told thee first, That thou shouldst suffer paine.
The nearer Heauen, the harder is the way.
Lift vp your heart, and let your hope remaine,
Since I am guide thou shalt not goe astray.

Forward wee past, on narrow brygs of tre,
ouer waters great, which hideouslie did roare.
There lay below, that fearefull was to see,
Most vglie Beastes, which gaped to deuoure.
Mine head grew light, and troubled verie sore;
Mine heart did feare, my fete began to slide:
But when I cryde he heard me euermore,
And helpt me vp: Blessed be my Guide.

Wearie I was, and thought to sit at rest:
But he said, Pay, thou mayst not sit nor stand.
Hold on thy course, and thou shalt finde it best,
If thou desirest to see that pleasant land.
Though I was weake, I rose at his command,
And held him fast. At length he let me see
That pleasant place, that seemde to be at hand,
Take courage now, for thou art neare, said hee.

I looked vp into that Castle faire,
Glittering like Golde, and shining Siluer bright.
The statelie Towre did mount aboue the aire:
They blinded me, they cast so great a light.
Mine heart was glad to see that joyfull sight.
My voyage then I thought was not in vaine:
I him besought to guide me there aright,
With many bowes, neuer to tire againe.

Though

A GODLY DREAME.

Though thou be neare, the way is verie hard,
Said he againe, therefore thou must be stout:
Faint not for feare, for cowardes are debar'd,
What haue none heart to goe their voyage out.
Pluck vp thine heart, and gripe me fast about,
Out thzough this trance together we must go:
The way is low, remember for to lout,
If this were past, we haue not many mo.

I held him fast, as hee did gine command,
And thzough the trance together then we went:
Where in the mides great pyckes of Pyon did stand;
Wherewith my feet were all befozne and rent.
Take courage now, said hee, and bee content
To suffer this, the pleasure comes at last.
I answerd not but ranne incontinent
Out ouer the fire, and so the paine was past.

When this was done, mine heart did dance for joy,
I was so neare, I thought my voyage ended;
I ranne befoze, and sought not his conuoy.
For askt the way, because I thought I knew it.
On stately stepps, most stoutly I ascended,
Without his help I thought to enter there.
Hee followed fast, and was right sore offended,
And hastily did draw me downe the staire.

What hast, said hee. Why ranne thou so befoze?
Without mine help thinkest thou to climbe so hie?
Come downe againe, thou yet must suffer moze,
If thou desirest that dwelling place to see.

This

A GODLY DREAME.

This statelie staire, it was not made for thee:
Holdst thou that course, thou shalt be thrust aback.
Alas, said I, long wandring wearied mee,
Which made me runne, the nearest way to take.

Then he began to comfort me againe,
And said, My friend, thou must not enter there:
Lift vp thine heart, thou yet must suffer paine,
The last assault of force it must be soze.
This goodlie way, although it seeme so faire,
It is too high, thou canst not climbe so stay:
But looke below, beneath a statelie staire,
And thou shalt see another kinde of way.

I looked downe, and saw a pit most black,
Most full of smoke, and flaming fire most fell.
That vglie sight made me to flee aback:
I feard to heare so manie shout and yell.
I him besought, that he the trueth would tell:
Is this, said I, the Papists purging place?
Where they affirme, that sillie soules do dwell,
To purge their sinnes, befoze they rest in peace.

The bzaîne of man most warelie did inuent,
That purging place, he answerd me againe:
For grædinesse together they consent,
To say, That soules in tozments must remaine,
While gold and goods relieue them of their paine.
O spitefull spirits, which did the same begin!
O blinded Beastes! your thoughts are all in vaine:
My Blood alone did cleanse the soule from sinne.

This

A GODLY DREAME.

This pit is Hell, wherethrough thou now must go:
There is the way that leades thee to thy Land.
Now play the man: thou needst not tremble so,
For I shall help and hold thee by the hand.
Alas, said I, I haue no force to stand,
For feare I faint, to see that vglie sight.
How can I come amongst that bailfull band?
Oh, help me now, I haue no force nor might.

Oft haue I heard, That they that enter here,
In this great golfe, shall neuer come againe.
Courage, said he, haue I not bought thee deare?
My precious Blood it was not shed in vaine,
I saw this place, my soule did taste this paine,
Ere euer I went into my Fathers gloze.
Through must thou go, but thou shalt not remaine.
Thou needst not feare, for I shall goe before.

I am content to doe thy whole command,
Said I againe, and did him fast embrace:
Then louinglie he held me by the hand,
And in we went into that fearefull place.
Hold fast thy gripe, said he, in any case.
Let me not slip what euer thou shalt see:
Dread not the death, but stoultie forward presse,
For death nor hell shall neuer banquish thee.

His words so sweet did cheare mine heauie heart,
Incontinent I cast my care aside.
Courage, said he, play not a cowardes part;
Though thou be weake, yet in my strength confide.
I thought

A GODLY DREAME.

I thought mee blest, to haue so good a guide.
Though I was weake, I knew that hee was strong.
Vnder his wings I thought mee soe to hide,
If anie there should preasse to doe mee wrong.

Into that pit when I did enter in,
I saw a sight, which made mine heart agast:
More damned soules, tormented soe soe time,
In flaming fire were fryng verte fast:
And vglie spirites. And as I had them past,
Mine heart grew faint, and I beganne to tire.
Ere I was ware one griped mee at last.
And held me high above a flaming fire.

The fire was great, the heate did pierce me soe,
My faith grew weake, my gripe was very small:
I trembled fast, my feare grew more and more.
Mine handes did shake, that I him held withall.
At length they loosed: then I began to fall,
And cride aloud, and caught him fast againe.
Lord Iesus, come, and rid me out of th' all.
Courage, said he, now thou art past the paine.

With this great feare I started, and awoke.
Crying alonde, Lord Iesus, come againe.
But after that no kinde of rest I toke:
I pread to sleepe, but it was all in vaine.
I would haue dreamde of pleasure after paine,
Because I know I shall it finde at last.
God grant my Guide may stik with me remaine:
It is to come that I belien'd was past.

This

A GODLY DREAME.

This is a Dreame, and yet I thought it best,
To write the same, and keepe it still in minde:
Because I knew there was none earthlie rest:
Whereof for vs, that haue our hearts inclinde
To seeke the Lord: we must be purgde and finde:
Our dross is great, the fire must trie vs soze.
And yet our God is mercifull and kinde,
He shall remaine, and help vs euermoze.

The way to Heauen, I see, is verie hard:
My Dreame declares, that we haue farre to goe.
We must be stout, for cowards are debarde.
Our flesh of force must suffer paine and wo.
These drie wayes, and many dangers mo.
Awaite for vs: we can not live in rest.
But let vs learne, since we are warned so.
To cleaue to Christ, for he can help vs best.

O sillie soules, with paine so soze opprest,
What loue the Lord, and long for Heauen so his:
Change not your mindes, for ye haue chose the best.
Prepare your selues, for troubled must ye be.
Faint not for feare in your aduersitie:
It is the way that leades you vnto life.
Suffer a while, and ye shall shortly see
The Land of rest, when ended is your strife.

In Wildernesse ye must be tride a while,
Yet forward presse, and neuer see aback:
Like Pilgrimes pze, and Strangers in exile,
Thorough faire and foule your journey ye must take.
The

A GODLY DREAME.

The Deuill, the World, and all that they can make,
Will send their force to stop you in the way:
Your flesh will faint, and sometime will grow slack,
Yet come to Christ, and he shall help you age.

The thornie cares of this deceitfull life,
Will rent your hearts and make your souls to bleed:
Your flesh and spirit will be at deadly strife,
Your cruell foe will hold you still in dread,
And throw you downe, yet rise againe with speed.
And though yee fall, yet ye not loytring still:
But call on Christ, to help you in your need,
Who will not faile his promise to fulfill.

In floods of moe when yee are like to drowne,
Yet climbe to Christ, and gripe him verie fast:
And though yee sinke, and in the deep fall downe,
Yet crie aloud, and he will heare at last.
Dread not the death nor bee not sore agast,
Though all the earth against you should conspire,
Christ is your guide: and when your paine is past,
Ye shall haue joye aboue your heartes desire.

Though in this earth ye shall exalted be,
Feare shall be left, to humble you withall:
For if ye climbe on toppes of Mountaines high:
The higher vp, the nearer is your fall:
Your honey sweet shall mixed be with gall.
Your short delight shall end with paine and griefe,
Yet trust in God, for his assistance call:
And he shall help, and send you some reliefe.

Though

A. GODLY DREAME.

Though waters great doe compasse you about,
Though Wyants threat, though Lions rage & rage,
Defie them all, and feare not to winne out:
Your Guide is neare, to help you euermore.
Though prickes of yron doe pricke you verie sore,
As noysome lusses, which seake your soules to stay:
Yet crie on Christ, and hee shall goe before:
The nearer Heauen, the harder is the way.

Runne out your race, y^e must not faint nor tire,
Nor sit, nor stand, nor turne aback againe,
If yee intend to haue your heartes desire.
Peeasse forward still, although it were with paine:
No rest for you, so long as yee remaine,
As Pilgrimes pere, into this loathsome life.
Fight out your fight, it shall not be in vaine,
Your rich reward is worth a greater strife.

If after teares y^e line a while in ioye,
And get a taste of that Eternall gloze,
Be not secure, nor slip not your conuoy:
For if ye doe, yee shall repent it soze.
Hee knowes the way, and hee shall goe before.
Climbe you alone, yee shall not misse a fall.
Your fittle selfe, it must be troubled more,
If ye forgett upon your God to call.

If Christ be gone although y^e seeme to see,
With golden robes, about the firmament:
Come downe againe, y^e shall not better see,
That pride of yours y^e shall right soze repent.

A GODLY DREAME.

Then hold him fast, with humble heart eyes bent,
 To follow him, although through Hell and Death,
 We went before, his soule was torne and rent,
 For your desertes, he felt his Fathers wrath.

Though in the ende yet suffer torments fell,
 Cleaue fast to him, that felt the same before:
 The way to Heauen, must be through death and hel.
 The last assault will trouble you full sore.
 The Lyon then most cruellie will roare:
 His time is short, his forces he will bend.
 The greater triefe, the greater is your gloze:
 Your paine is short, your ioye shall neuer end.

Reioyce in God, let not your courage faile,
 We chosen Saindes, that are afflicted here.
 Though Sathan rage, he neuer shall preuaile.
 Fight to the ende, and stoutlie perseuere:
 Your God is true, your blood is to him deare.
 Feare not the way, since Christ is your conuoy.
 When clouds are past, the weather soill growe cleere:
 Wee sow in teares, but ye shall reape in ioye.

But death and hell haue lost their cruell sting,
 Your Captaine Christ hath made them all to yeld.
 Lift vp your heartes, and praises to him sing:
 Triumph for ioye, your enemies are kilde.
 The Lord of Hostes, that is your strength & shield,
 The Serpents head hath from his toewen dothme:
 Trust in his strength, passe forward in the field:
 Duer comes in sight, and ye shall loose the crowne.

The

A GODLY DREAME.

The King of Kinges, if hee be on our side,
We neede not feare: who dare against vs stand:
Into the field may we not boldlie bide,
When hee shall help vs with his mightie hand:
Who sits above, and rules both Sea and Land:
Who with his breath doth make the hills to shake:
The Hostes of Heauen are at his command,
To fight the field, when we appeare most weake.

Pluck vp your heartes, yee are not left alone,
The Lambs of God shall lead you in the way:
The Lord of Hostes, that reignes on royall Throne,
Against your foes his Banner will display:
The Angels bright shall stand in good array,
To hold you vp: yee need not feare to fall,
Your enemies shall fle, and be your prey:
Yee shall triumph, and they shall perish all.

The ioye of Heauen is worth a moments paine:
Take courage then lift vp your hearts on hie.
To iudge the Earth when Christ shall come againe,
Aboue the cloudes yee shall exalted be.
A Crowne of Gloe, and true felicitie,
Awaites for you, when finish is your fight.
Suffer a while, and yee shall shortly see,
A Gloe most great, and infinite of weight.

Prepare your selues, be valiant men of warre,
And thrust with force out through the narrow way:
Hold on your course, and shrink not back for feare,
Christ is your guide, yee shall not goe astray.

A GODLY DREAME.

The time is neare, bee sober, watch, and pray,
Hee sees your teares, and hee hath laid in store,
A rich reward, which in that ioyfull day,
You shall receiue, and reigne for evermore.

Now to the King that create all of nought;
The Lord of Lordes, that rules both land and sea:
That sau'd our soules, and with his blood vs bought,
And vanquisht Death, triumphing on a Tree:
Unto the great and glorious Trinitie,
That saues the Worlde, and doeth his owne defend:
Be Laude and Gloze, Honour and Majestie,
Power and Praise: Amen, Worlde without end.

FINIS.





A
VERIE COMFORTABLE
SONG.

To the tune of
Shall I let her goe?



Alas baine world, betwitched of
mine heart:

My sorow shewes, my sinnes make
mee to smart.

Yet will I not despaire, But to my
God repaire:

Hee hath mercie aye, Therefore will I pray:

Hee hath mercie aye, and loners mee,

Though by his humbling hand hee proues mee.

Away, away, too long thou hast mee snar'd,

I will not lose more time, I am prepar'd:

The subtil sleights so fit, They haue deceined me:

Though they sweetly smile. Smoothly they beggyle,

Though they sweetlie smile, Suspect them:

The simple sort they fyle, Reject them.

Once

A GODLY SONG.

Once more, away, thewesloath the world to leane,
Wids off, away, with her that holdes mee slane.

Loath I am to forgoe, That sweet alluring foe:

Since thy wayes are vaine, Shal I them retaine?

Since thy wayes are vaine. I quite thee:

Thy pleasures shall no more delite mee.

A thousand times, away, oh: stay no more.

Sweet Christ mee save, lest subtil sinne deuoure.

Without thine helping hand, I haue no force to stand.

Lest I turne aside, Let thy grace mee guide:

Lest I turne aside, Draw neare mee,

And when I call for help, Lord, heare mee.

What shall I doe? Are all my pleasures past?

Shall worldlie lustres now take their leane at last?

Yea, Christ these earthly toys, Shal turn to heauely

Let me now be gone, Glorious Christ along: (joys:

Let the world be gone, I care not,

Christ is my Lord alone, I feare not.

FINIS.



Psal. 51. verse. 10.

Create in mee a cleane heart, O God, and
renew a right spirit within me,



Vers. 17. The sacrifices of God are a contrite
spirit: A contrite and a broken heart,
O God, thou wilt not despise.

Give me a heart of gold, and
I will give thee a crown
of thorns.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM
LONDON

